

'VARSIY VERSES.

OXFORD ODES.

VIII.

WHEN time was refusing to fly,
And the Dean was especially stale
(It was frequently said
That our excellent Head
Was blind to the point of his tale),
When even the clouds became dry—
Though our spirits they damped for all
that—

Our glances would fall
On a bench in the Hall
Where two damsels from Somerville sat.

The one was a dream of delight,
Instinct with a delicate grace,
With cheeks soft and dimply—
In short, it was simply
A rapture to look on her face.
The other a regular fright,
Green-goggled, and forty at least,—
So we thought it our duty
To call the one Beauty,
While t'other was known as the Beast.

Now, the Beast had a studious mind:
Her thoughts were intent on the Head,
And in shorthand she wrote
An elaborate note
Of the least little word that he said.
Her brow was well wrinkled and lined,
As though with historical dates,
And we one and all knew
That this terrible Blue
Was a "cert" for a first in her Greats.

But Beauty, sweet innocent, seemed
To set on the lecture small store:
To judge from her look,
She apparently took
The worthy old Dean for a bore.
We thought that in fancy she dreamed
Of love or the joys of the ball;
"Why, why," we all said,
"Vex her dear little head?"
She will only be 'gulfed*' after all."



The wisdom of mortals is nought,
And even the youngest man makes
What we venture to view
(With all respect due
To omniscient youth) as mistakes.
Of all things, as Euripides thought,
To comprehend woman's the worst;
The Beast was found fit
For the bottomless pit,
While Beauty came out with a first.

*One who goes in for honours and receives a pass
is said to be "gulfed."



"IT'S AN ILL WIND," &C.

"HALF A PINT EXTRA THIS MORNING, MR. BROWN, IF YOU CAN SPARE IT."

"SORRY I CAN'T, MARY. THE FACT IS, THIS 'ERE BEER SCARE 'AS CAUSED A RUN ON SODA AND MILK."

"TO UNCLE CHARLIE."

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE,—I say, such a
rag! we've got a French feller jest come
to this school and he dussent know his own
langwidge! I tride him at it yestiddy I
sed why carnt you speak English? & he
strugged his shoulders & sed "oh slarner
fairy hang" meaning it didnt matter &
then he sed he could "parlay un petit
peu" I arksd him 2 or 3 things & he
didnt know them so I sed "Voo ner poovy
par parly pour noisettes!" and he almost
danced with rage. I looked at him skorn-
fly, & sed "C'est un joli gibier, n'est
par" & would you bleeve it, he didnt

know what I ment? Ass you praps dont
understand French like I do, Uncle
CHARLIE, I'd better transgate my larst
frase—"Thats a pretty game, aint it."

And this afternoon in the rakit cort
when he made rather a good stroke, I
yelled out, jest to encurridge him "Oh,
quel coup de fromage!" meaning of coarse
"Oh, what a cheesy stroke!" he coodent
even understand that! These French
fellers are beasely iggnent, I tell you.
Then he began to jabber and jesticleate
but I sed "Oh fermez voo, voose ates un
vrai rotteur" and that did shut him up.

Your affeckshunt nephew

MAX.

THE NEW GENIUS OF STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

(Lines suggested by the remarks of a local guide, radiant with reflected glory.)

THE more I live and look about
The more it seems surprising
That men who might have made a name
Should miss the full reward of fame
For want of advertising.

Authors, especially, I see
Addicted to the habit
Of hiding their effulgent light,
And keeping somewhere out of sight
In burrows like a rabbit.

Of how they privately behave
The journals make no mention;
Their facial cast remains in doubt,
They feed in public spots without
Attracting wide attention.

Even the Bard of Avon chose
To play the homely brewer,
To nurse a quiet love of pelf
And never talk about himself
To any interviewer.

Our faith in his reputed works
Is naturally shaken,
With no contemporary puff
To tell us if he wrote the stuff
Or got it done by BACON.

I wonder if some Philistine,
Some impious child of DAGON,
Will, in the course of time, discuss
Who was the actual Genius
That penned *The Master Pagan*!

Will curious cryptogrammatists
Join the insensate *mêlée*,
To prove that Mr. CAINE (of Man)
Wrote it to please the Great God Pan,
And called himself C-R-LLI?

Not if our M-RIE's clear *réclame*
Shall still survive to boom her!
And I believe it will not be
False shame or foolish modesty
That lets the moth consume her!

A happy thought, to take a house
In SHAKESPEARE'S own locality,
Where frequent pilgrims pass the door
And cannot very well ignore
Her poignant personality!

The Yankee, streaming to the shrine
Of our immortal Mummer,
Forgets the dead and doubtful "Swan,"
And concentrates his worship on
The real and living Hummer.

The showman, sick of shady myths
And dearth of life-recorders,
Explains that this is not the way
A grateful Stratford treats to-day
The prophet in her borders.

"Behold," he cries, "the actual *house*
That Miss C-R-LLI leases,
In yonder study's restful shade,
Accepting none but Heaven's aid,
She makes her masterpieces.

"Such the retirement suited to
A theologic scholar!
Screened from the idle curious throng
To her we might apply the song
'Go, lovely rose!' (by WALLER).

"Hard by she builds a worthier home,
And, when she seeks that haven,
Upon the walls where now you gaze
The Mayor of Stratford means to raise
A tablet chastely graven:—

Within this temple, which has been
Presented to the nation
(Here follows name of Mayor, with date),
Occurred a portion of the great
C-R-LLI's inspiration." O. S.



THE NEW STAR, AND WHAT WILL COME OF IT.

(A report received from the Milky Way.)

"WHAT shall we do?" cried Jupiter
from afar, using the wireless telegraphy.

"I have already bestowed a magnificent
army, that will go any where and do any-
thing," replied Mars.

"And I," put in Neptune, not to be
outdone in generosity, "have given a
first-class navy that can meet that army
anywhere and conquer it."

"I have bestowed a perfect bevy of
beauties, who will cause any number of
cases to be ready for trial by battle,"
said Venus, with a love of mischief
suitable to her sex.

"And I have given a messenger system
equal to anything at St. Martin's-le-
Grand," murmured Mercury, not feeling
sure that his gift would be valued.

"That is not very much," sneered
Saturn; "and I can do a little better.
My ring is already on its way through
space."

"Ring!" thundered Jupiter. "A pretty
present, indeed! Why, the poor little
star will be hopelessly ruined if it has
anything to do with a ring! I've half a
mind to crush it at its birth with a
thunderbolt."

"It will reach maturity before your
messenger arrives," returned Mercury,
who had a taste for figures.

Jupiter considered a moment, and then
gave judgment.

"Well, let us see how matters go.
Wars, beauties, an imperfect postal ser-
vice, and a commercial ring from Saturn
to swallow up everything."

"Oh, dear me!" cried the new star.
"I don't believe, with such extra-
ordinary gifts, I shall be any better off
than that poor old world the Earth!"

THE PERFECT LETTER-WRITER.

PART II.

From an Organ-grinder to the Principal of
the Guildhall School of Music.

SIR,—Reluctant as I am to trespass upon
your valuable time, I cannot refrain from
pointing out to you the irreparable injury
which your institution, together with the
Royal College and the Royal Academy of
Music, may ultimately cause to the pro-
fession of which I am a member. I do
not in any way blame you, or the gentle-
men controlling the other establishments,
but I think you cannot deny that in
time, through your mis-directed efforts a
majority—no doubt a small majority—of
the English nation, or, at least, of the
inhabitants of London, will become so
prejudiced in favour of the sort of instru-
mental music which you, and others like
you, advocate, that the performances
given by members of my profession will
no longer be universally appreciated and
admired, as they are at present, and as
they deserve always to be. In fact—but
of that, happily, there is so far no sign
whatever—London may ultimately sink
to the level of Brussels, or any other
third-rate capital, where the instrument
on which I perform is absolutely pro-
hibited.

Far distant be the day when so-called
"education" may teach the Londoner to
wish for some trifle by CHOPIN or SCHUBERT
played on the digital pianoforte, rather
than an air from the music-halls rendered
on the mechanical one! At present it is
evident that the noble English nation
prefers the street organ to any other
instrument, for the members of my pro-
fession are welcomed to your great cities
in a manner unknown in other countries.

I have another subject of complaint.
As those who play the piano with their
fingers increase in number, the noise
caused by them in summer, when the
windows are open, becomes every year a
greater interruption to the enjoyment of
the music performed on the piano by
members of my profession, with the
infallible accuracy and perfectly correct
time only obtainable by the use of
mechanism. Your own institution, being
somewhat retired, causes us little annoy-
ance. But I shall never forget the first
time that I passed the Royal Academy of
Music on a hot day. I entered Tenterden
Street, a quiet turning such as I prefer,
and no sooner had I done this than so great
a noise of digital pianoforte playing burst
upon my ears that I turned and fled.

It is difficult for me to suggest any
remedy for the growing evils of which I
complain, unless it were a heavy tax upon
all non-vehicular instruments of music,
but I feel it my duty, on behalf of my
profession, to enter a protest, and I am,
Sir, your obedient servant.

ROSSINI MASCAGNI MECCANISMO.

EMANCIPATION DAY.

A Forecast.

["A Chicago alderman has discovered that babies can be put to sleep by the phonograph. With cradles rocked by electricity and babies soothed to sleep by the phonograph, the emancipation of mothers is surely progressing."—*Evening News*.]

It was Sunday morning.

Mrs. HECTORINE PHILLBERT adjusted her pince-nez, and placing first her right foot, and then her left, on the rail of the chair, stooped over and fastened her spatterdashes.

"Are you going to Church?" enquired a weary voice from the depths of an arm-chair.

"Of course not," replied the wife, in hard, decisive tones. "Surely, GEORGE, you are aware of my antisabbatarian tendencies."

"I forgot," he added hastily.

"I am going to look in at the Liberated Ladies Club. A paper of mine, 'Shall Husbands rank as Domestic Pets,' is being read. I shall lunch at the Scribblers Club. We have a discussion on in the afternoon. Dr. EDWARDALINE JONES reads a portion of her delightful scientific romance, *Yellow Decadence*; or, *the Airship Belle*."

"Then you will be home to tea?" enquired the armchair, tentatively.

"No, the Sunday Playland Company are giving a performance of *Motor Mary*; the *Society Scientist*. But it will be over by half-past eleven. However, don't wait up. I know how tired you will be amusing the children."

An audible groan issued from the cushioned deep of the saddle-bag.

"By the way, GEORGE, you might see what is the matter with the cylinders of HILDEBRAND'S electric cradle. It rocks so jerkily, and I fear the vibration may have a bad effect on the child's cerebral vertebra."

"Where is it?" asked the weary voice.

"In the child-room. The phonograph is there also. I have left out three antiquated tunes, 'The Alabama Coon,' 'Lazily, Drowsily,' and 'Hush-a-Bye.' But if these don't send the child to sleep try the blue tube, a special soporific, a blend of all our popular continental composers."

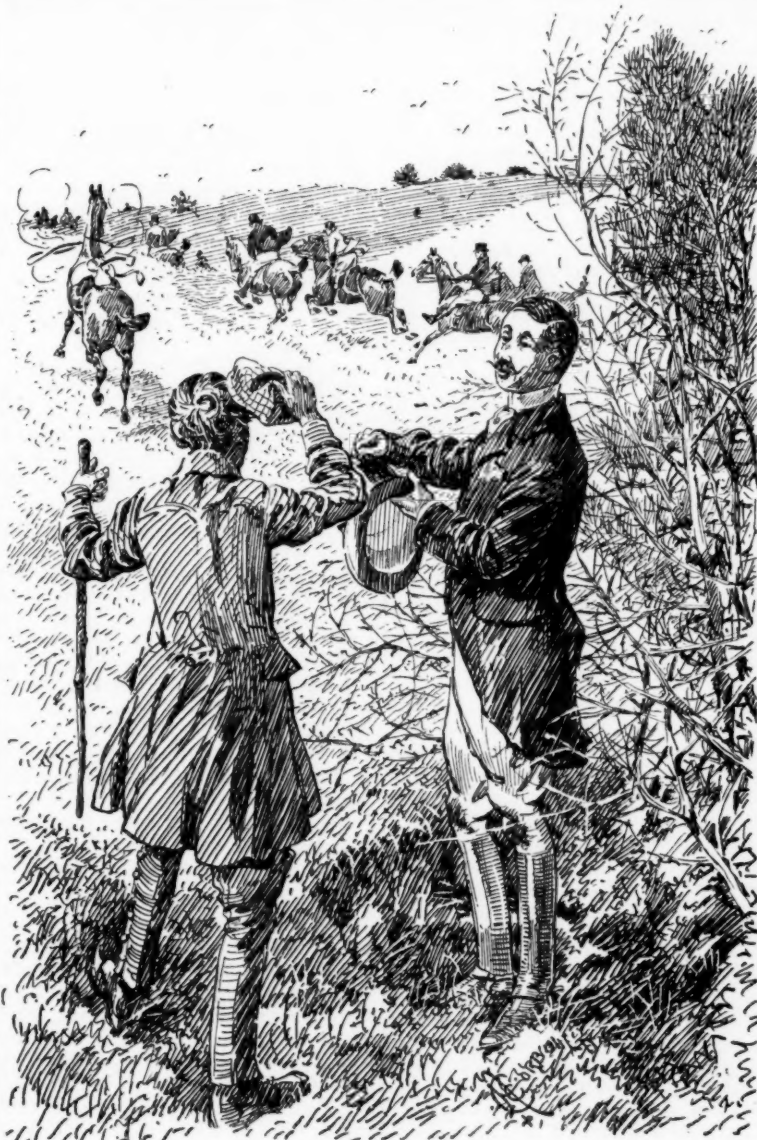
"Very well, dear," in tired tones.

"And see that HONORIA does not spend the whole of the day in the laboratory. Poor child, she is only fourteen; but so enthusiastic over her profession."

"Yes, she has burnt three fingers and her eyebrows off already."

"My dear GEORGE, she would be of no use were she unable to appreciate the nobleness of sacrifice on behalf of her glorious calling. And keep little JOYCE out of mischief."

"Oh! I can't do anything with that child."



GONE AWAY.

Yokel (to dismounted gent, whose horse has got away). "SHALL I CATCH HIM FOR YER, MASTER?"

Tomkins (who has been mounted by a friend). "THANK YOU, NO. NEVER MIND. I WAS TOLD THE MARE ONLY WANTED A GOOD GALLOP—SO I'LL—ER—LET HER HAVE IT."

[Congratulates himself on his safety, and walks quietly home.]

"Of course not, if you will persist in trying to keep him quiet by telling him silly ghost stories. He naturally looks down on you. If he is naughty, explain the germ theory to him through a megaphone, and get the microscope and make him examine those specimens of bacteria in my study. It will frighten him horribly, and at the same time serve the laudable purpose of inculcating some scientific knowledge."

The arm-chair became violently restless.

"By the way, you can hear my paper being read at the Scribblers' Club through the electrophone. Now, GEORGE, I'm off."

A SUGGESTION.—Sir,—I am tired of reading about DE WET being "Cornered." Can't he be "Squared"? Yours, WAT ROTT.

OMAR AND OH MY!

A DRAMATIC EXPERIMENT.

[It is said that a drama founded upon the Rubáiyat of Omar Khayyám, as rendered into English by FITZGERALD, has been written in the United States and will shortly be given on the stage. *Mr. Punch* hastens to present a rival version.]

SCENE—Court-yard of the deserted palace of JAMSHYD, canopied by that inverted bowl commonly called the sky. To right, a tavern—not deserted. To left, a potter's house. At back, the grave of BAHRÁM, whence a sound of snoring proceeds. A wild ass stamps fitfully upon it. It is four o'clock in the morning, and the "false dawn" shows in the sky. In the centre of the stage stand a lion and a lizard, eyeing each other mistrustfully.

Lion. Look here, do you keep these courts, or do I?

Lizard (resentfully). I don't know. I believe we both keep them.

Lion (sarcastically). Do you? Then I venture to differ from you.

Lizard. Perhaps you'd rather we took turns?

Lion. Oh, no, I wouldn't. I mean to have this job to myself.

[He and the lizard close in mortal combat. After a gallant struggle the latter is killed, and the lion proceeds to eat him. Suddenly a shadowy form issues from the grave at back of stage.]

Lion. BAHRÁM, by Jove! Confound that jackass. (Bolts remains of lizard and then bolts himself, pursued by shadowy form.)

Wild Ass. They said I couldn't wake him. But I knew better! Hee-haw! (Exit in triumph.)

[A sound of revelry becomes noticeable from the tavern. A crowd gathers outside. The voice of OMAR, rather tipsy, is heard.]

Omar. When all the temple—hie!—is prepared within, why nods the lousy worshipper outside?

[A cock crows, and the sun rises.]

Crowd (shouting in unison). Open then the door. You know how little while we have to stay. And, once departed, goodness only knows when we shall get back again!

Omar (opening the door and appearing unsteadily on the threshold). You can't come in. It's—hie—full.

[Closes door again.]

Crowd. I say, what rot!

[Exeunt, depressed.]

Nightingale (jubilantly from tree). Wine! wine! Red wine!

Rose (from neighbouring bush, much shocked). My dear, you know I have always been a total abstainer.

Nightingale. So you have. But every morning brings a thousand roses. After

all, you're cheap. JAMSHYD and I like our liquor, and plenty of it.

Rose (shaking her head in disapproval). I've heard he drank deep.

Nightingale. Of course he did. You should have seen him when HÁTIM called to supper! He simply went for it!

Rose (blushing crimson). How dreadful! Nightingale (contemptuously). I dare say. But you wouldn't be so red yourself if some buried Cæsar didn't fertilize your roots. Why, even the hyacinth's past isn't altogether creditable, and as for grass—why, I could tell you things about the grass that would scare the soul out of a vegetable.

Rose (annoyed). I'm not a vegetable.

Nightingale. Well, well, I can't stay to argue with you. I've but a little time to flutter myself. [Exit on the wing.]

Enter OMAR from tavern. He is by this time magnificently intoxicated and is leaning on the arm of a fascinating SÁKÍ. He has a jug of wine in his hand.

Omar (trying to kiss her). Ah, my beloved, fill the cup that clears to-day of past regrets and future fears. To-morrow! Why to-morrow! I may be—

SÁKÍ (interrupting). I know what you're going to say. To-morrow you'll be sober. But you won't. I know you. Go home!

Omar. Home!—hie. What do I want with home? A book of verses underneath the bough, a jug of wine, a loaf of bread—no, no bread, two jugs of wine—and thou (puts arm round her waist) beside me singing like a bulbul.

[Sings uproariously.]

For to-night we'll merry be!

For to-night—

SÁKÍ. Fie! An old man like you!

Omar. Old! Thank goodness I am old. When I was young I went to school and heard the sages. Didn't learn much there! They said I came like water and went like wind. Horrid chilly Band-of-Hope sort of doctrine. I know better now. [Drinks from the jug in his hand.]

SÁKÍ (watching him anxiously). Take care. You'll spill it.

Omar. Never mind. It won't be wasted. All goes to quench some poor beggar's thirst down there (Points below.) Dare say he needs it—hie.

SÁKÍ (shocked). How can you talk so! Omar (growing argumentative in his cups). I must abjure the balm of life, I must! I must give up wine for fear of—hie—What is it I'm to fear? Gout, I suppose. Not I! [Takes another drink.] SÁKÍ (trying to take jug from him). There, there, that's enough.

Omar (fast losing coherence in his extreme intoxication). I want to talk to you about THEE and ME. That's what I want to talk about. (Counting on his fingers.) You see there's the THEE in ME and there's the ME in THEE. That's

mysticism, that is. Difficult word to say, mysticism. Must light lamp and see if I can't find it. Must be somewhere about.

SÁKÍ. You're drunk, that's what you are. Disgracefully drunk.

Omar. Of course I'm drunk. I am to-day what I was yesterday, and to-morrow I shall not be less. Kiss me.

SÁKÍ (boxing his ears). I won't have it, I tell you. I'm a respectable SÁKÍ; and you're not to take liberties, or I'll leave you to find your way home alone.

Omar (becoming maudlin). Don't leave me, my rose, my bullfinch—I mean bulbul. You know how my road is beset with pitfalls—hie!—and with gin.

SÁKÍ (disgusted). Plenty of gin, I know. You never can pass a public-house.

Omar (struck with the splendour of the idea). I say—hie!—let's fling the dust aside, and naked on the air of Heaven ride. It's shame not to do it!

[Flings off hat, and stamps on it by way of preliminary.]

SÁKÍ (scandalised). If you take anything else off I shall call the police.

[Exit hurriedly.]

Omar (terrified). Here, SÁKÍ, come back. How am I to find my way without you? (A pause.) What's come to the girl? I only spoke—hie—meta—phorically. Difficult word to say, meta—phorically! (Longer pause.) How am I to get home? Can't go 'lone. Must wait for someone to come along. (Peers tipsily about him.) Strange, isn't it, that though lots of people go along here every day, not one returns to tell me of the road. Very strange. S'pose must sleep here . . . S'pose—[Rolls into ditch and falls asleep.]

The curtain falls for a moment. When it rises again, day is departing and it is growing dark. OMAR is still in his ditch. The door of the potter's house, to the left of the stage, is open, the potter having betaken himself to the tavern opposite, and the pots within are arguing fiercely.

First Pot. Don't tell me I was only made to be broken. I know better.

Second Pot. Even a peevish boy wouldn't break me! The Potter would whack him if he did!

Third Pot (of a more ungainly make). Depends on what he drank out of you.

Second Pot. What's that you say, you lopsided object?

Third Pot. That's right. Sneer at me! 'Tisn't my fault if the potter's hand shook when he made me. He was not sober.

Fourth Pot (I think a Súfi pipkin). It's all very well to talk about pot and potter. What I want to know is, what did the pot call the kettle?

Third Pot (grumbling). I believe my clay's too dry. That's what's the matter with me!

[The moon rises. A step is heard without.]



FREE QUARTERS.

Welsh Dragon (insinuatingly). "LOOK YOU NOW, CHENTLEMEN, COULD YOU NOT MAKE ROOM FOR ME IN YOUR LITTLE PARTY? AM I NOT A TRAGON AND A PROTHEE WHATEFFER?"

[“Members of both Houses of Parliament who wish for Wales an equality of heraldic recognition with the other divisions of the United Kingdom met yesterday, and elected a committee to prepare a memorial on the subject for presentation to the King. The Red Dragon was the symbol most generally advocated for inclusion in the Royal Arms.”—*Daily Telegraph*.]

Several Pots. Hark, there's the potter!
Can't you hear his boots creaking?

Enter potter from tavern.

Potter (crossly). Shut up in there, or I'll break some of you.

[The pots tremble and are silent.]

There is nothing pots dislike so much as being broken.

Potter (seeing Omar). Hullo. Come out of that. You're in my ditch. *(Lifts him into sitting posture by the collar.)*

Omar (rubbing his eyes). Eh? What's that? Oh, my head! my head! *(clasps it between his hands.)*

Potter. Get up! You've been drinking.

Omar (dazed at his penetration). I wonder how you guessed that!

Potter. It's plain enough. You've been providing your fading life with liquor. I can see that with half an eye.

Omar. I have, I have. I've drowned my glory in a cup, and my head's very bad.

Potter. You should take the pledge.

Omar. Oh! I've sworn to give up drink lots of times. *(Doubtfully)* But was I sober when I swore? Tell me that.

Potter (scratching his head). Dunnow.

Omar (staggering to his feet). Would but the desert of the fountain yield one glimpse! In more prosaic language, could you get something to drink? I'm rather star-scattered myself, the grass is wet.

[Potter goes to house and takes up third pot at random.]

Third Pot (delighted). Now he's going to fill me with the old familiar juice!

[Potter fills him with water and returns to Omar.]

Third Pot (disgusted). Water! Well, I'm dashed!

Omar (to potter). Many thanks. O SÁKÍ, here's to you. *(Drains beaker.)* Ugh! don't think much of your liquor. I wish the moon wouldn't look at me like that. She's a beastly colour. Why doesn't she look the other way?

Potter (sarcastically). Wants to see you, I suppose.

Omar (darkly). Well, some day she won't. That's all. Farewell. O SÁKÍ, yours is a joyous errand. But I wish you had put something stronger in the glass *(Handing it back to him).* Turn it down, there's a good fellow.

[Exit.]

St. J. H.



A SUGGESTION WITH SEVERAL SHOCKS.

[“Llanfyllin (Montgomeryshire) Town Council were yesterday horrified by the suggestion that a dramatic license should be granted to a London agent for the presentation of musical dramas in the Town Hall. Only one gentleman had the temerity to support the application. The Council declined to have anything to do with the unholy thing, and the application was laid on the table.”—Daily Telegraph.]

SCENE FROM A PLAY FOR PURITANS.

SCENE—A Welsh Town Council. Around a plain table are seated several councillors in diverse pious attitudes. They are all grave, formal, and severe in mien and aspect, clad in sombre broad-cloth and whiskers. One with sinful daring revels in a tufted chin. Before each is placed a glass of filtered water indicating the purity of their discourse. A murmur of indignation is with difficulty suppressed. The councillor with the tufted chin has just sat down. He is purple in the face with shame and vexation. A gentleman near him is sobbing bitterly. Several councillors are blowing their noses with Christian violence. To an incidental accompaniment of snuffles, groans, and lamentations, Alderman JONES rises.



Alderman Jones (with great emotion and a fanatic vigour of utterance). Fellow townsmen and miserable sinners. Can I believe my ears? Is it indeed true that a lost soul from our iniquitous Capital has had the temerity to enter this town?

A Muffled Voice. Impossible!

Ald. Jones. Enter this town, I repeat, with the impudent, the degrading, the truly horrible suggestion, that a dramatic license should be granted for the representation of musical dramas in the Town Hall? *[Tremendous sensation.]*

Several Councillors (in chorus). Alas! Woe! Woe!

Ald. Jones (stemming a rebellious tear). And that this diabolical scheme has the support of an inhabitant of this town and a member—alas, misguided and fallen!—of this council? *(Every eyeball is turned with a synchronizing click on the unfortunate possessor of the tufted chin. He, overcome by the fear of some vengeful Welsh Nemesis, slowly slides off his chair and disappears beneath the council table.)* Oh, my friends, help me to quench this growing spirit of levity. Assist me to uphold the traditions of this exceptionally moral town, wherein such a thing as

a short skirt or an indecorous knickerbocker has never penetrated. Think what this terrible, this soul-excoriating suggestion means. To see in our midst an actor—*(terrible excitement)*—who smokes cigarettes on a Sunday, and an actress—a real actress—with rouge and hare's-foot. *(Awful, sepulchral groans. One councillor, overcome by vertigo at the thought of such an innovation, of seeing an actress through anything but smoked glasses and a respirator, splutters in his glass of water, and has to be assisted out, still coughing and gurgling.)* To have the name of SHAKESPEARE—*(patriotic hisses)*—coupled with our immortal Welsh bards. To hear our children lisping the profane names of WAGNER and OFFENBACH with our own dearly-loved LLANWYLLGWYDFENELLYN. *(Yells of anguish.)* My fellow-townsmen, for years we have eschewed the naked truth. Let us treat, then, with Welsh contumely and municipal scorn this—this—my tongue can scarcely be brought to utter it—this bare suggestion.

[Several councillors are prostrated, and the meeting breaks up as soon as the morally-afflicted are sufficiently recovered.]

PECULIAR TO MARS.

Latest Signals from the Red Planet.

No time wasted in Parliament.

Everyone satisfied, especially the working-man—unable to comprehend the meaning of strikes.

Farmers boast of continuous peace and plenty.

Toleration reigns supreme everywhere. No difficulty in obtaining respectable domestics.

No black balls ever found in club ballot boxes.

Newspapers absolutely reliable—sensational paragraphs carefully barred.

Rational dress is the order of the day and night amongst all classes of the community.

Latch-keys abolished.

Problem plays and musical monstrosities things of the distant past.

Hotels conducted on principles of honesty, politeness, and efficiency.

Policemen absolutely unnecessary in consequence of the excellent behaviour of everyone.



THE NEXT SPLASH WEDDING;
Or, Hymen among the Billionaires.
(By Transatlantic Cable.)

As all the ceremonial arrangements of forthcoming nuptial *matinées* among the Four Hundred are now being stage-managed and rehearsed some months previous, we are able to present our readers with an advance report of the morning performance of a wedding-de-luxe which will be enacted early next April at the Vaudeville Memorial Chapel of Nudeport (R.I.). It will be a very quiet, but thoroughly toney affair.

The high contracting parties are Miss MAMIE GREENBACK, only daughter and heiress of the late well-known financier of Wall Street, and Mr. OGDEN G. VANDEPÔT, America's richest young man, who has recently amassed over 1,000,000,000 dols. by a smart corner in freight-cars.

Miss MAMIE is a twentieth-century blond of *ultra chic* appearance, who has received the most expensive and exotic education that Europe can provide, and weighs 138 pounds. She is an expert balloonist and base-ball player, manages her father's banks single-handed, and has taken the highest degrees possible in law, medicine, pigkilling and laundry-work. She has a complete set of gold teeth with diamond fixings, and curls her hair every night with five-hundred-dollar bills. Her favourite colours are green (from her name) and yellow (from the newspapers); and she adores peanuts. Everyone considers her a perfect peach.

Of the groom's career, we need only say that he has been in the push ever since the day he left his cradle to drive his own motor-pram on Fifth Avenue. Everyone knows the solid gold yacht with which he intends to reach the North Pole this summer, and his lapis-lazuli cottage in the Adirondacks in which the five hundred millionaires were lost the other day. O. G. wears an uphill smile, and will go further still. There is not much ice that he can't cut.

To avoid any appearance of a hippodrome wedding, and to ensure perfect privacy for the twenty thousand guests, the Vaudeville Chapel will be raised from its foundations for this occasion, and transported by means of a mammoth trolley on to a monster raft, which will be moored a mile from the shore. It will be reached by a parqued pontoon causeway, but, in case any of the congregation elect to swim the distance, the sea will be artificially warmed and spread with oil for several days beforehand. This will cost a hundred million dollars at least. A fleet of steam-tugs will whistle throughout the service to keep order.

The sacred edifice will be draped from steeple to basement in cloth of gold, and the drop scene at the chancel-steps will be formed of the rarest old green Gobelins



Youth. "MISS STANHOPE, YOU'RE POSITIVELY THE ONLY PERSON I'VE MET TO-DAY WORTH STOPPING TO SPEAK TO."

Miss Stanhope (thoughtlessly). "INDEED! YOU ARE MORE FORTUNATE THAN I AM!"

tapestry obtainable. The musical arrangements are entrusted to Manager GRAU, who will bring a trained choir of *prima donnas* and choristers over from KOSTER and BIAL'S. Bishop POTTER will pronounce the benediction at the fall of the curtain. All this will run into another hundred million dollars.

Mr. VANDEPÔT is to have a dozen best men, supported by a hundred ushers in gold-lined diving-costume, which will come in handy, after the ceremony, when real pearls are to be thrown instead of

rice. The groom himself will wear rubbers of fine-spun platinum. These items figure out at another hundred million.

The thirty-six bridesmaids will be tastefully attired in pointlace bathing-dresses heavily jeweled at fabulous expense. The bride's costume . . . (here follow ten columns of description, which we must regretfully omit as also the account of the sky-scraper cake with elevator in the inside, and the unostentatious departure of the happy pair in an airship, chased by yellow reporters in balloons).

THROUGH THE WIRES.

(A comic scene that has been repeated daily for years.)

SCENE—A Receiving Office. Enter One of the Public, hurriedly.

One of the Public. Will you please put me on to the Grand Hotel at Rottenborough?

Official. You will have to pay a fee first.

One of the Public. Certainly. Only, please be sharp, as it is important I should communicate with my friend at once.

Official. Where did you say?

One of the Public. Rottenborough. Most important I should telephone at once. Rottenborough.

Official (leisurely examining volume). Oh, here we are. It will be half-a-crown for three minutes.

One of the Public (producing and handing over coin). Certainly. But do look sharp.

Official. But now you must give me the proper number.

One of the Public. The Grand Hotel, you know, at Rottenborough. How am I to find out the number?

Official (leisurely). Oh, by looking at one of those books.

One of the Public (after a diligent search occupying several minutes). Rottenborough 1095.

Official (leisurely). Rottenborough 1095. Very well. (Speaks through receiver.) Put me on to Rottenborough 1095. Bay-sington 4.

One of the Public (after a pause). Would you kindly see if they are attending at Rottenborough?

Official (leisurely). Must wait a little. Very likely the line is occupied.

One of the Public (after five minutes). Surely you must be on to Rottenborough now.

Official (leisurely). No, I think not. (Bell suddenly rings.) I think that may be for you. (Enters small box.) Yes. (Makes room for One of the Public to enter.) If you want an extra three minutes, you must pay another half-crown.

One of the Public (after putting down his umbrella and arranging his hat). Are you there?

Distant voice. Gabble, gabble, gabble.

One of the Public. I can't hear what you are saying.

Distant voice. Gabble, gabble, gabble. Exhibition, tram-car—gabble, gabble, gabble.

One of the Public. Are you Mr. SMITH?

Distant Voice. Yes; I am trying to—gabble, gabble, gabble.

Official (putting in his head.) Three minutes are up. Having another half-crown's worth?

One of the Public (looking round). Thank you. (Returning to the receiver.) Are you Mr. SMITH?

Distant Voice. Yes; are you Mr. BROWN?

One of the Public. Yes, I am. I can hear now, quite distinctly.

Distant Voice. Well, what do you think of the idea? You see, the Exhibition will be near the tram.

One of the Public. Yes; but I don't quite understand. You had better repeat what you were saying.

Distant Voice. Well, I was saying—gabble, gabble, gabble.

One of the Public. I can't hear you. Pray repeat.

Distant Voice (once more becoming unintelligible). Gabble, gabble, gabble!

ILLUSTRATED QUOTATIONS.

(One so rarely finds an artist who realises the poetic conception.)



"FOR HE ON HONEYDEW HATH FED."
Coleridge.

Official (putting in his head). Have another half-crown's worth?

One of the Public (angrily). No. (Shouting through the telephone) I can't make out what you are saying, but if you can hear me you had better write.

Distant Voice. Gabble, gabble, gab—(is suddenly switched off).

One of the Public (after paying five shillings). Well, of all the— (Rest of the sentiment carried into the street.)

(Curtain.)

A SEVERE CASE OF A FEVER.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As a family man I claim your sympathy. You are, no doubt, aware that certain Railway Stocks are, on the "Bourse," known by feminine abbre-

viations. Thus:—Brighton A's are called "Bertha," Dover A's "Dora," and so on. This is all very well on 'Change, but my fool of a broker, JOE JOBBINS, got me into serious trouble last Thursday. I entrusted him to sell some Sheffield A's for me and to re-invest in Caledonian A's, telling him to wire me the result. Then I went down with SPARKINS to Richmond, had a pleasant dinner at the "Star and Garter," and went home at night feeling passing joyful. Scarcely, however, had I manipulated my latch-key, with the help of a policeman, when I was confronted by my Commanding Officer, who, in tones of sepulchral indignation enquired, "What's the meaning of this, Mr. BUBBLETON?" at the same time handing me a telegram which read as follows: "Got rid of Sara taken on Clara for you as desired, JOE."

I confess that for the moment I was forgetful of the jargon of Capel Court, and mumbled something about stupid practical joke. My hesitation increased the suspicions of my old Argus-eyed pheasant, and even now, notwithstanding that I have got a sworn affidavit from JOE JOBBINS as to the meaning of his despatch, and have loaded her with fifty pounds' worth of Spring gowns, she keeps me as tight as a greyhound in a leash, and my warmest protestations of undying affection are met with such chilling remarks as: "Is that the way you addressed SARA?" and "What a pity it is that CLARA can't have you!" However, to-day I got JOE to write and say he had bought me a consignment of "Transvaal Devils," and this has sobered her a little.

Nevertheless, I am sure you will agree with me that the sooner these unmanly nicknames are abolished the better for the peace of mind of such innocent speculators as, yours dolefully,

BARTHOLOMEW BUBBLETON.

The Dovecote, Larkhall Rise.

TO LUCASTA.

(New Style.)

["M. POURQUERY DE BOISSERIN proposes to reduce military service to one year, with the proviso that men who reach the age of twenty-seven, and are not married, shall be drafted again into the army for one year."—Paris Correspondent of Daily News.]

TELL me not, sweet, I change my mind
When, now of fighting shy,
My deadly weapons left behind
To thy soft arms I fly.

If you as mistress now I choose,
And bid you thus to yield,
It argues neither wavering views,
Nor passion long concealed.

For though my ardour, dear, is such,
The reason, I confess,
Is not that I love you so much—
But I like fighting less.

A NEW "POLLY" DIALOGUE.

(With a-polly-gies to Mr. Anth-ny H-pe.)

Copyright, Punchland.

"I ALWAYS wonder," said Mrs. MICHELMAS, looking intently at nothing, "how we manage to keep up a conversation for so long."

"Genius," I observed apologetically.

"For —"

"Talking airy nothings," said I complacently, taking a small bottle of Apollinaris water upon my lap.

"I knew something was wanting," remarked Mrs. MICHELMAS, picking up a kitten.

"The domestic muse!" I murmured, as my fingers unravelled the wire.

Mrs. MICHELMAS started, and looked at me uneasily.

"It runs in the family," I sighed.

"You must undergo treatment for it," she observed, gravely stroking the kitten's ear.

There was a pause.

I thought out my next speech carefully. "In the conversational craft," I said, rubbing the cork abstractedly, "everything depends on the stroke. The art of dialogue is like a 'Varsity race.'"

A pucker crept round the delicately-marked eyebrows of Mrs. MICHELMAS.

"Ah, I see, you feel," said I cheerfully, "that it's a struggle with the 'blues.' Still, you should avoid the dark side—deal with the light aspects."

"Wretch!" exclaimed Mrs. MICHELMAS, stroking the kitten the wrong way.

"You must forgive a Cambridge man favouring the light side."

Mrs. MICHELMAS accidentally lost her hold of the kitten.

"You must go," she exclaimed with fervour.

"You are dreadfully irrelevant," I complained, loosening the last piece of wire on the bottle.

"Conversation without a kitten is impossible," she flashed out.

I held out my bottle. "Take this," I cried magnanimously; "so long as you stroke something it's all right."

"But what will you do?"

I took up my silk hat. "My heart being true to my POLL," I said, "there is nothing left for me save silk, silence and sorrow. Unless—"

"Yes?" she cried expectantly, swinging the bottle to and fro.

"Unless you care for conjuring tricks."

"I do, I do!" she cried.

I smiled with genuine pleasure, then turned up my sleeves.

"Yes: the hat's quite empty," she cried, in answer to my look.

I twirled the hat round delicately, and then covered it over with a *Westminster Gazette*. There was another pause.

"Permit me," I asked politely, as I shook out from the hat scores of dainty epigrams and *bon-mots*, and, finally, an indispensable Persian kitten.

She clapped her hands. "Admirable!" Then, for fear she should discover how I did it, I gracefully retreated.

"TWENCENT."

[With acknowledgments to the anonymous inventor of this abbreviation in the *Daily Mail* of February 25.]

AN end to Nineteenth Century ways by this contraction's meant—

Let's look around and ask ourselves if we are quite "Twencent."

The streets were up last century, and still we circumvent

The same old blocks and yawning gaps—would that be called "Twencent"?

We tolerate the poster-fiend, the pill-advertisement

That blights our English countryside—I don't think that's "Twencent"!

We've still a million Londoners in slum and rook'ry pent, Who pig together in a style distinctly not "Twencent."

Last hundred years' eternal talk reduced each Parliament To wasters of the public time—nor are they yet "Twencent"!

And still are found some Englishmen (?) who calumnies would vent

On Britons fighting Britain's cause—that doesn't sound "Twencent"!

Belauding every bandit-foe, their energies are spent; "King-like, the Boer can do no wrong"—a tale that's scarce "Twencent."

Each squalid murder-case is made a National event—

So, after all, do we deserve the epithet "Twencent"?

A. A. S.



VARIVM ET MUTABILE.

Uncle Sam. "EY I COULD TRUST YOU NOT TO GET TALKIN' TO STRANGERS, I'D PUT MY TRAPS ON BOARD AND GIT. BUT AS IT IS, I'LL JUST HANG ROUND THE RESERVATION A WHILE."

["Nor is there any probability that the American forces will be withdrawn from the island, while, &c., &c."—*New York Correspondent in the "Times,"* March 1.]

NO NEW THING.—Last week, the *Daily News* drew attention to the Sultan of MOROCCO having ordered Scotch pipes and piper to match. Of course, the latter will be a salaried official, and the Sultan will have, not for the first time, "to pay the piper." The combination of Scotch and Moor will not surprise the shooter of the wily grouse, who so often sings, "O Wily, we have missed you!" And the North-country sportsman has long since been accustomed to the union of the Man of the Mosque and the Man of the Kirk, when they meet under one hat in the person of a MCTURK.



MORE AMALGAMATION.

Parish Councillor. "WULL, I DO VOATE THAT THE TWO PAR'SHES BE MARMALADED."

Chairman. "OUR WORTHY BROTHER COUNCILLOR MEANS, I UNDERSTAND, THAT THE TWO PARISHES SHOULD BE JAMMED TOGETHER."

"THE MISSING WORD."

ANYONE who appreciates good acting in a pretty and touching play will find the materials for enjoyment on visiting the Court Theatre, where a dramatised version of MARION (not "MARIAN," as the play-bill has it, which is adding insult to injury, as Mr. Sam Weller observed on reading "Moses" instead of "Samuel" prefixed to *Pickwick* on the way-bill of the coach) CRAWFORD'S story, *A Cigarette Maker's Romance*, adapted by Mr. CHARLES HANNAN, is now being given by Mr. MARTIN HARVEY and his Company, with Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE added to the number. And a very powerful addition he is, with a melodramatic situation at the climax of the piece that forcibly reminds the "Old Hand" of that unrivalled scene, where the muffled drunkard, throwing off his disguise and standing erect, declares himself to be "HAWKSHAW the Detective!" So Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE (February must be his lucky month, and the fourteenth his lucky day), by arrangement with Messrs. HARRISON and MAUDE, gets a chance at the Court which was not open to him at the Haymarket, and makes the most of it.

Mr. MARTIN HARVEY's rendering of a most difficult character, that of Count Skariatine, who is a bit "off his head," is thoroughly artistic. It is so perfect as to excite the pity and arouse the impatience of an audience that has begun to

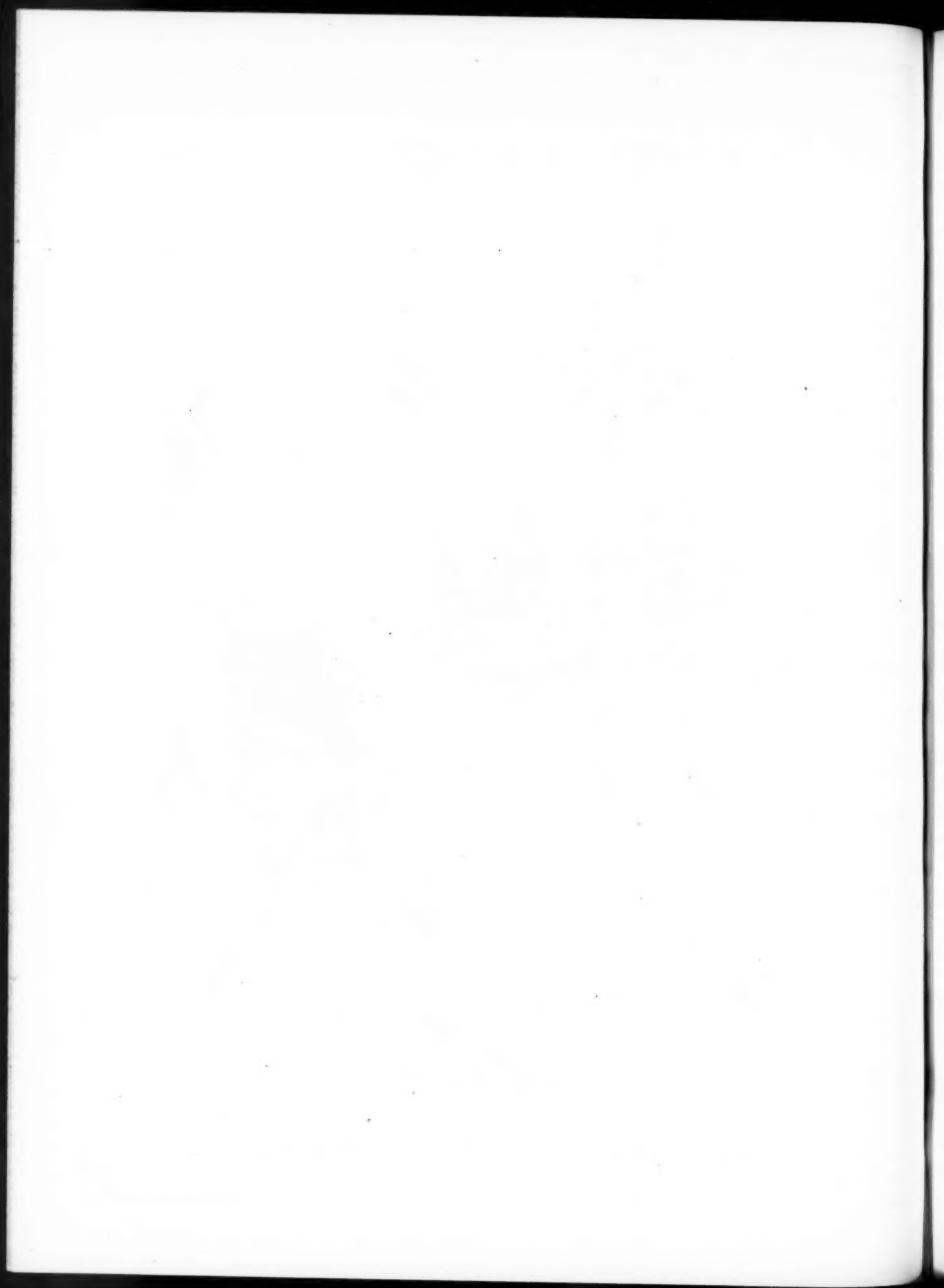
sympathise with the poor, crazy creature, who, in the midst of his supposed delusions, and in his agony of a broken memory, is always a Christian gentleman, *un chevalier, sans peur et sans reproche*. Mr. HARVEY's is a very remarkable performance, and he is ably seconded by Miss N. de SILVA, as the loving, self-sacrificing, gentle-toned Viera. A clever company all round. Mr. WILLIAM HAVILAND, as the villainous cousin—not too villainous, but just villainous enough, will scarcely be recognised by those who have seen him as the loyal Cavalier in the first piece, *Sweet Prue*, written by CLAUDE DICKENS, which, as being a capital little drama of forty-five minutes' duration, beginning at eight o'clock, is a strong supplement to the bill. In this piece Mr. LANDER, who is so good as Schmidt in *The Cigarette Maker's Romance*, makes a striking figure of Major Overton, as does Mr. FRANK VERNON of *General Gault*.

Mrs. B. M. DE SOLLA gives us a vigorous rendering of the harsh, miserly, rancorous Alalina, mistress of the cigarette factory; Miss GRETE HAHN is good as the giggling Anna; and Miss BESSIE ELDER as the idiotic Augusta, with nothing to say but plenty to do in the way of tumbling about, is a sort of German Tilly Slowboy, only without any baby to take care of and talk to.

Mr. MARTIN HARVEY's art has probably considerable limitations, but, so far as the very difficult character of Count Skariatine is concerned, it is a masterpiece in miniature.



JACK BULL AND THE BEANSTALK.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, Feb. 25.—Great day for CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES. In spite of advancing years, a body maimed in his country's service, secret sorrow over the falling away (on to the Treasury Bench) of his old comrade CORPORAL HANBURY, and a general distrust of the Government, the CAP'EN, ever on the alert, for some time has had his weather eye on Gibraltar. Doubts wisdom of plan of fortification. In Recess, whilst others made holiday, the CAP'EN put up the helm and steered his barque for Gibraltar. Arrived there, saw at a glance what was the matter. Our sapient custodians of the Empire been spending millions on works apparently specially designed to meet convenience of enemies' fire. To-night CAP'EN brought the subject forward on Amendment to Address; demanded enquiry and meanwhile stoppage of the expensive, worse-than-useless work.

Expected things would take their usual course. War Office would sneer at the CAP'EN; Admiralty would tell him to mind his own business. "Instead of which" PRINCE ARTHUR promptly rose, and, as the CAP'EN put it, surrendered keys of fortress; promised to appoint committee; invited the CAP'EN to join it.

HANBURY happened to be away; spared the remorse born of abandonment of such a leader. The BLAMELESS BARTLETT almost breathless with admiration. A good deal in what he says. Gibraltar one of the chief bastions of the Empire. House of Commons cheerfully voted millions for its better defence. Two Governments have carried on the work. Highest officers of Army and Navy concerned in carrying it out. As the BLAMELESS B. remarks, it is left for a civilian—if he had remembered *Our Mutual Friend* he would certainly have quoted Mr. BOFFIN, "and with a wooden leg"—to discover the flaw.

Business done.—Still debating Address.

Tuesday night.—"List of amendments to the Address reminds me of the widow's cruse," said the Member for Sark, turning over the almost endless folios. "Here we are on the ninth day of Debate, and paper fuller than ever."

Quite true. If Ministers pleased, Debate on Address might serve for full business of Session. You may raise any topic; it's all fish that comes into the net of the Address. One thing, however, to place Amendment on paper; quite another to find opportunity of moving it. Of the more than forty Members who proposed to discourse on divers subjects, only four have been able to get on. Night after night, SAM SMITH has been seen in his place, lingering like the grey mist on the early morning moorland. Wasn't Piccadilly at midnight this

time occupied his mind; nor had he at heart reminiscences of naughty things seen and said on the stage. Was concerned about malpractices in the Church.

So was GREENE, K.C. GREENE, not a Bencher of the Middle Temple for nothing, proceeded by BILL. SAMUEL, called early one morning, found on opening his Orders of the Day that GREENE, K.C., had brought in a Bill dealing with Church Discipline. According to Standing Orders, notice given to bring in a Bill precludes prior discussion of the subject matter upon a Resolution. SAMUEL was dished. His discourse, already typewritten for convenience of

Alack! JOHN DILLON, that Parliamentary lean kine who, being on his legs, swallows up everyone else's chance, was to the fore. Caught SPEAKER's eye last night at a quarter to eleven; moved Amendment, calling upon Government to make peace with the gentle Boer on his own terms, some apprehension that he would talk till half-past eleven, making it impossible to dispose of Amendment at last night's sitting. Three-quarters of an hour a pretty good slice for private Member to take out of a sitting.

"But we know our JOHN," said wearied Members. "He's good for three-quarters of an hour"; and they yawned in advance.



Brother Ch-n-n-g. "Ah! BRER RABBITS—BROTHER ROBERTS, I SHOULD SAY, HOW BROAD, HOW STATESMAN-LIKE HE IS!! WHAT CONVINCING ELOQUENCE! YET WHAT A PITY THAT HE SHOULD SPEAK THAT ENGLISH LANGUAGE THAT HAS SUCH SAD AND SHAMEFUL MEMORIES FOR US ALL! WOULD THAT HE COULD ADDRESS US IN THE VERNACULAR OF OUR DEAR DE WET!!"

Brer R-b-ts. "YES, VERILY, INTRETT, WHATEFFER!!"

able editors desirous of giving verbatim reports, was burked.

"And he calls himself GREENE," said S. S., with usual bitterness. "How deceptive are appearances in this darkened vale!"

Just before nine o'clock PRINCE ARTHUR pounced. Still nearly two score amendments on the paper. At least four score Members, merely British, prepared to take part in Debate on one or other. House particularly anxious to hear young CLAUDE LOWTHER. Has been out to the war; started at hour's notice, abandoning cheerful life in Paris to face hardships of campaign. Distinguished himself in several hard fights; mentioned in BOBS' despatches. Apart from interesting personality, House would have welcomed his testimony to things he had seen with his own eyes.

Turned out they didn't nearly know their JOHN. When midnight struck he was still on his legs. To-night came up quite brisk. WILLIAM O'BRIEN has had a night to himself; REDMOND *ainé* has delivered several speeches. TIM HEALY, in his unpatriotic way, has more than once charmed crowded audiences with piquant speech. Time Ireland should know JOHN DILLON was around. So, having spoken for an hour and a-quarter last night, continued this evening through another hour, with six minutes thrown in.

This spoiled all chance of his Amendment being debated. But one can't have everything, and JOHN had enjoyed himself for two hours and twenty-one minutes by Westminster clock.

"Must give up JOHN DILLON," said SARK, regretfully. "When I first knew him he was an influence in Debate;

delivered at reasonable length, pointed, picturesque, sometimes eloquent, speeches. But verbosity is like the passion for drink. Unresisted it grows upon a man till he becomes its hapless slave. There are Homes for the habitual drunkard. Why shouldn't we have caves into which we could lower the irreclaimable babbler?"

Business done.—Address voted.

Thursday night.—Members came down to-day a little low-spirited. Fresh Supplementary Estimate circulated, asking for additional three millions to meet expenses of war conveniently concluded on eve of dissolution last October; brings total amount up to ninety-five millions. Remember how, on eve of war, SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE prophesied it would cost £100,000,000. Jeered at from Ministerial side.

"LABBY," they said, "is more than usually farcical."

Rather a costly farce. As a taxpayer, would be glad to contract myself out of future liabilities by payment on basis of my share of the round one hundred million.

However, a silver lining to every cloud. AKERS DOUGLAS sewed it on to-night. Supplementary Estimates under discussion. Total amount not big as figures go in these piping times. Only there is persistent rise in the coal bill. In all public offices this item gone up. Irish Members particularly interested in case; whenever fresh public office reached in course of estimates, be sure you would find head of Irish Member projecting from coal-hole wanting to know why coal bill so large.

Dealing with vote for Houses of Parliament, AKERS DOUGLAS explained mystery. True, the bill increased by some thousands; extra cost only apparent. What has really happened is reduction of expenditure. Coal bought now for Parliament and public offices on entirely new principle; middleman abolished; First Commissioner of Works, with basket on arm, goes down to pit's mouth, purchases day's stock and brings it home; pays down on the nail; so obtains advantage of ready cash.

AKERS DOUGLAS's countenance glowed as he announced that hereby was saving of fifteen per cent. on the coal bill. Even Irish Members touched. For a while JEREMIAH JORDAN ceased his Lamentations over the cost of carpets in House of Lords.

"What a Government it is!" said SARK, in a broken voice. "NASMYTH hammer nothing compared to it. With one hand it spends ninety-five millions on a little war; with the other it knocks off fifteen per cent. from the domestic coal bill." *Business done.*—Got into Committee of Supply.

Friday night.—PRINCE ARTHUR made a mistake when, at beginning of Session, he

ran away from his proposal to make Standing Order of the Sessional Order apportioning Friday nights for Committee of Supply. Immediate consequence has been appropriation of considerable portions of last Tuesday's and Wednesday's sittings, wrangling round the Sessional Order. Will all have to be gone through again next Session, and every Session as long as arrangement lasts. Much better have taken his cherry at one bite.

Of many reforms introduced into Parliamentary procedure in last twenty years, few exceed in substantial benefits to



"Captain" Tommy Bowles goes on tour to Gibraltar with his Marvellous Ventriloquist Quartette!

(Mr. Balfour granted Mr. Gibson Bowles a committee consisting of an admiral, a general, a civilian, and himself, to enquire into the danger of the Gibraltar Docks.)

public service the setting apart from opening of Session of one night a week for discussing Supply. Under old order of things Supply was allowed to drift into closing weeks of Session, when tired Members, kept up for all-night sitting, in the end voted millions with both hands. Now, with twenty-three Fridays set apart exclusively for Supply, discussion is practically untrammelled.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

A LITTLE OUT OF DRAWING.

["The chief drawback to street locomotion," says a writer in the *Eastern Counties Magazine*, in an article on "The Electric Tramway and its Future," "is the horse."]

To street locomotion the great drawback, Says a logical scribe, is the harnessed hack.

A good draw-forward we thought the horse;

In imagining this we were wrong, of course.

It is clear to-morrow is yesterday, And everything travels the opposite way.

AN AIRY TRIFLE.

(From the "Times" of April 1, 1901.)

THE public enquiry in connection with the claim of the Atmospheric Company, for an increase of its powers, was resumed yesterday, when Mr. BINKS, the Company's Chairman, was further cross-examined by Mr. Punch, K.C., who appeared on behalf of the British Public.

In reply to counsel's questions, witness said that the present charge for the use of air—a shilling in the pound on the actual rental of a house—did not appear too high. In fact, it was absolutely necessary to raise it, if his Directors' salaries of £5,000 apiece were to be maintained. He knew that some people argued that the Company had no proprietary rights over the atmosphere. This was a mistake. If it was recognised that water was a valuable commodity, to be doled out sparingly by companies, and paid for at fancy prices, the same principle applied to air. The work of the Company consisted in a variety of operations, requiring the most elaborate care. Pressed as to the meaning of this, witness alluded to the annual banquet of the Board, the preparation of which caused the whole staff much anxiety. No doubt, some complaints had been made as to the limited amount of air per head allowed by his Company. This was really the fault of the consumers, many of whom were extremely wasteful. Steps were being taken to remedy this. For the future, anyone guilty of having more than one window open, except between the hours of two and four p.m., would be summonsed. And an extra rate would be levied on those who had any ventilating apparatus in their houses, on the same principle as that employed by the water companies in regard to bath-rooms. The additional powers asked for by the Company were inconsiderable—merely the right to add a few more shillings in the pound on the air-rate, together with an increased period of imprisonment for those convicted of infringing the Company's regulations. Asked how he could have the impudence to make such claims, the witness replied, amid some laughter, that surely a public which consented to endure the tyranny of the water companies would submit to anything a body of self-constituted monopolists chose to ask. Indeed, he considered that his Company was a greater public benefactor than the water-company. Some persons managed to get along with very little water, but everyone needed air. Therefore it was only right that everyone should pay for it. Questioned as to the conduct of the Company's officials, witness admitted that complaints had been made. It was possible that an inspector had called at one house nine times in a week, to test the consumption of air

therein. That, witness considered, showed praiseworthy zeal. And the inspectors were paid (out of the rates) at so much per visit.

At this point the atmosphere in the hall became unbearable. The witness was understood to gasp that his Company must have cut off the air by mistake, and the enquiry was hurriedly adjourned.

A. C. D.

COMPENSATION.

LEARNED in natural laws the Government,
The County Councillor no less a student;
Each to one clause official ear has lent,
The compensative law, so just and prudent.

Each reckes that for a heaven-climbing
hill

Some scooped-out valley lies below the
plain;

That every town grown peopleless and
still

Marks distant cities growing up amain.

Each has revolved in hydra-headed mind
How Nature when upheaping mound on
mound,

Occasionally aided by mankind,

Is elsewhere mole-like working under-
ground.

Each for the other serving as a prop,
Of Nature's compensative wish aware,
When County Councillor pulls down a shop
The Government digs up a thoroughfare.

HOW TO PAY FOR THE WAR.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see hundreds of suggestions in your contemporaries as to the finding of means whereby to pay the expenses of the war. Some advocate special postage stamps, others taxes on cats, others again on bicycles, and others on perambulators or cigarettes. Permit me, Sir, as an old economist, to suggest a practical way by which the Revenue is bound to be largely increased and that is,



to fine every individual over twenty who does not take at least half-a-pint of spirits or a quart of ale every day. If your conscientious teetotaler won't take strong liquor, then he pays the penalty; if he does, the Chancellor of the Exchequer benefits. This is a double-barrelled method well worthy of the attention of Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, because there's no getting away from the results. It's heads I win, tails you lose.—Your obedient Servant,
THOMAS TOPER.
Glenlivet Lodge, Tooting.



"WHO PAYS THE PIPER CALLS THE TUNE."

Johnnie (to waiter). "AW—YOU'RE THE BOSS—HEAD WAITER, EH?"

Waiter. "YESSIR."

Johnnie. "AH, WELL, JUST—AH—SEND UP TO YOUR ORCHESTRA CHAPS, AND TELL 'EM I REALLY CAN'T EAT MY DINNER TO THAT TUNE."

PAINFUL POEMS.—No. I.

"BURIED IN THOUGHT."—A GRAVE SUBJECT.

BURIED in thought, buried in thought!

How can we sing of his fate as we ought?
There in the pride of his manhood he
stood,

Perfectly healthy, and happy and good,
Then in a moment (pray! shudder—you
should!),

He was buried in thought!

Buried in thought, buried in thought,

Suddenly turned to a cipher (or nought)!
Something or other caught on in his brain
(Sensible, witty, or wholly inane),
Starting of thought a calamitous train—
He was buried in thought!

Buried in thought, buried in thought,

Dead to the deeds which around him are
wrought!

Come let us mournfully stand by the grave,
Solemnly chant a lugubrious stave,
Handkerchiefs, hats in our sympathy
He is buried in thought! [wave—

Buried in thought, buried in thought!

Are we by sorrowing relatives sought?
Mother or sister, asking for "WILL,"
"Where is our loved one?" "Does he
feel ill?"

Say, "We have left him alone on the hill
Buried in thought!"

THE EVOLUTION OF A MUSICAL COMEDY.

CANTO THE THIRD.

The reader
seeth stars.

AD *astra* let us turn, if you're inclined,
The objects of so many fulsome "pars";
For now and then a manager may find
That he indeed has got to thank his "stars."
A piece which makes the critics stand aghast
May yet attract by virtue of its cast.

While competition rages fierce and hot
Twixt representatives of rival firms,
These footlight favourites have only got
To choose their theatre and to name their terms.
The marvel is, how any purse can stand
The salaries that some of them command.

Exclusively engaged for terms of years,
While with the public they are all the rage;
The manager takes care that each appears
In ev'ry novelty that he may stage.
If there should be no parts for them to play,
These must be written in without delay.

The Society
Lady.

Let us just glance at some of them awhile;
Here is the lady who'll impersonate
A leader of Society. Her style
Is smart and cynical and up-to-date.
She's rather fond of speaking lines anent
Marriage and love,—two things quite different.

A gay grass widow or a chaperone,
To handsome youths a counsellor and friend;
She'll sing a song or two if left alone,
With a few steps of dancing at the end.
But she can act, so "take it as a fact"
She's just the sort of party to attract.

The Prima
Donna.

Then there's the high-class prima-donna, who
The part of heroine will doubtless take;
Dweller among the top notes, firm and true,
Queen of the tender trill, the subtle shake.
But sad to say, one rarely, now-a-days,
Will find a prima donna in these plays.

The Soubrette.

And the soubrette:—a useful person she,
Lively and gay, her spirit never flags;
She'll sing and dance, and not infrequently
Will help the low comedian with his "gags."
She should be given ope, or maybe more,
Of the most tuneful numbers in the score.

Fashion
in Songs.

Now, Fashion in these ditties will prevail:
Time was, when quite the proper thing to do
Was to relate in verse a touching tale,
Not wholly unconnected with the Zoo.
But we have wearied of such songs as these;
This sort of thing perhaps may better please:—

MARY AND HER DAIRY.

The Poet
parodieth.

MARY MILES was a country maid,
Plumpish and plain and pleasant;
Though some folks thought she was just a shade
Too cute for a simple peasant.
She lived at a dairy all serene,
And didn't she keep that dairy clean!
For day after day, with smiling face,
She tucked up her sleeves and mopped the place.

MARY, MARY, mopped up a dairy,
Kept it clean and coolish and airy;
Many a passing stranger stopped
At the delicate dairy MARY mopped!

Now simple MARY had got a most
Remarkable lot of *swell* beans;
Though not good-looking, yet she could boast
A beautiful pair of elbows.
And neighbouring noblemen saw the charms
Of MARY's plump though plebeian arms;
So Dukes and Marquises thronged the door
While MARY mopped up the dairy floor.



MARY, MARY, mopped up a dairy,
Kept it clean and coolish and airy;
Many a high-born head was popped
In the delicate dairy MARY mopped!

At length a widowed but wealthy earl
Could really resist no longer;
For ev'ry day that he saw the girl
He felt that his love grew stronger.
He offered his heart and his coronet,
And fell on his knees, though the floor was wet;
While MARY danced on the pots and pans,
And soon the vicar announced the banns.

MARY, MARY, quitted the dairy,
Work for her is unnecessary;
Never the slightest hint is dropped
Of the delicate dairy MARY mopped!

The above number, if set to a taking melody with a *refrain* accompanied by a lilting movement on the part of singer and girl-chorus, and immediately followed by a descriptive "dance and exit," will no doubt become a great favourite with the public. Its moral may be vague, but this will be more than atoned for by the pleasing jingle of words in the refrain. If the accompaniment be fairly easy to play on the piano, the song will become very popular with young men of the undergraduate type, while suburban drawing-rooms will resound with it before the piece has been running for a hundred nights.

There may be other lady stars, no doubt,
This is an average collection, though;
And quite enough, as you would soon find out
If you should ever try to run the show.
Three leading ladies—and each lady wills
That *her* name shall come first upon the bills.

The Show
Girls.

Turning to lesser lights, that meekly shine
Upon the outskirts of this firmament,
We find the "show girls," goddesses divine,
Who with their humble lot are quite content.
A line or two to speak, will raise them quite
Into the seventh heaven of delight.

But though they're insignificant, when seen
From a mere histrionic point of view,
Pray do not take this trifling fact to mean
That there is no real work for them to do.
They have to set off for our admiration
Triumphs of the costumier's creation.

The Chorus
Ladies.

Then there are ladies of the chorus. These,
As individuals, are hardly known;
Yet their united efforts always please,
They're indispensable, as you must own.
In numbers they are formidable, and
They need controlling by a skilful hand.

The Premiere
Danseuse.

Perhaps we ought, *en passant*, to include
An energetic dancer, of the sort
That always seems so anxious to obtrude
Her antics on some Eastern monarch's Court.
How strange that people always seem diverted
By ladies who are amply underskirted! P. G.

(To be continued.)

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A *New English Dictionary* (HENRY FROWDE) is getting on. Volume IV., a massive tome, dealing with the letters F and G, is just issued. The scale upon which the work is accomplished appears from the fact that, whilst Dr. JOHNSON dealt with only 1312 words beginning with G, Mr. HENRY BRADLEY and his assistants explain and lavishly illustrate 15,542. This is twice as many as are comprised within the borders of more massive modern dictionaries. Among much curious information conveyed is the fact that the letter F contains no words beginning with a Latin prefix. (This will probably throw a new, strange light upon the fact that the little old woman in *Little Dorrit* had no name but "Mr. F's Aunt.") Words directly taken from the Greek are also absent. Apart from its uses as the supremest dictionary of the English language, the book is positively fascinating. My Baronite, a busy man who could do very well with forty-eight hours in a day, shrinks from turning to the treasure-trove in search of varied meanings of a word, knowing by experience that having once opened the pages he goes on reading when he ought to be writing.

How startling in colour, at least, if not in design, is the cover wherein it has pleased Publisher PEARSON (Limited) that Mr. RICHARD MARSH'S *Strange Wooing of Mary Bowley* shall appear before the world of romance-readers! Seeing the cover, the not over fastidious novel devourer, in search of a sensation, would shudder and avoid. The orangey-yellow would so impress itself on the retina that for some seconds everything must appear to his jaundiced eye as smeared with this book-paint. Was it "ever thus since childhood's hour"? the Baron asks in a Swivellerian mood, recalling a "snatch," and remembering how once upon a time, in 1894, as he has been informed, this same *Strange Wooing* appeared as a PEARSON publication, price sixpence?

Soit: The Baron never saw it: to him it is as new as though it had only just made its first appearance. Well, it is a rough-and-ready sort of story, the satisfactory perusal of which can be accomplished only by the most artful skipper who knows when to come upon the tit-bits and when to pounce. When the situation, to which minor incidents have not inartistically prepared the way, arrives, it is a good one, but the author tries to get more out of it than it will stand. Mr. MARSH does not take himself seriously, and treats his melodramatic story in a light-hearted fashion that robs it of all genuine realism. Yet it has its merits, and on those merits it may be recommended to the hesitating.

An excellent plot underlies Mr. FRANKFORD MOORE'S last novel, *According to Plato* (HUTCHINSON). A man falsely accused of forgery, knowing that the criminal is his friend, dumbly suffers the penalty. On the termination of his imprisonment he went out to Australia, and made enough money to leave

his son wealthy. The son returns to England and, not knowing the name of the man who victimised his father, is thrown within the circle of his acquaintance, and, of course, falls in love with his daughter. Mr. MOORE has, perhaps, not made quite as much of this complexity as some would have done. Led away by desire to give friendly digs at various fashionable follies, he invents elaborate and far-fetched machinery. This makes possible some amusing sketches of a Technical School of Literature and of a system of ingenious advertising. The best character in a sprightly book my Baronite recognises in *Sir Creighton Severn*, the great inventor, who successfully applied electricity alike to big ends and little ones.

Street Dust, by "OUIDA," is a collection of stories (F. V. WHITE & Co.) of which the first gives its title to the book. Not a happy title; nor is there much happiness in the stories

which might have been called *Four Dismal Nights and a Bright Morning*, or *Dark Clouds and a Ray of Sunlight*. They are all artistically told. *The Little Thief* is sweet but painful. *The Fig Tree* is terrible, being the short history of a word, a blow, a cut, and a run. But the last story is cheerful, bright, and as delightfully improbable as a fairy tale while as pretty as the legend of DICK WHITTINGTON. There's a cat in it, too; but she is "a person of no importance," at least of very secondary importance in comparison with the chief characters. As we are told to be thankful for small mercies, so we may be grateful for short stories, especially when they are written by "OUIDA" at her best.

Mr. JOHN LANE, who, publishing in London and New York, is in more places than one at the same time, is bringing out (in both presumably) a pocketable and certainly portable edition of GEORGE ELIOT'S works, and has led off with the universally popular *Adam Bede*. The Baron welcomes the old *Adam* in this costume as heartily as ever. More so, indeed, as he hasn't seen him for an age, and "absence makes to grow

fonder the heart" of the thoroughly appreciative

BARON DE BOOKWORMS.

THE PEER AND THE PERI.—In the *Daily Telegraph*, last week, it was announced that the Marquis of HEADFORT is "engaged to be married to Miss BOOTE," who, "is now playing at the Gaiety Theatre." Well, why not? If there be anyone aware of any just cause or impediment, let him declare it. For ourselves, if there be anything in names, we should say that "Head-fort" indicated a strong-willed person who would plunge into matrimony, head first, determinedly. As for the jocosely verbal chances offered by the name of "BOOTE," are they not evidently numerous and humorous, "*Hé, mon petit chou?*" And, after all, what boots it to anybody, except the principals, if Miss BOOTE prefers being a married Marchioness to remaining a "femme sole"?



"GET OUT OF THIS! YOU'VE NO BUSINESS IN HERE. COULDN'T YOU SEE THE BOARD?"

"AY, WE SEED BOO'D."

"WELL! WHAT DID IT SAY?"

"IT NIVER SPOKE!"

LOVE'S LITTLE LIABILITIES.

Short Stories with sad endings.

IV.—THE HOME OF THE IDEAL.

HE stood reclining his arms on the balustrade, and pondered the question deeply. It was at one of Mrs. ALGY PACER's "affairs," as she playfully called her dances, that he had first met her, and here they were again figuring at the same function, but not as strangers; far from it. Why should he change his state? He, GEORGE PEECHCROFT, only son of Sir ROBERT BEECHCROFT, the wealthy mill-owner. He was healthy, wealthy and—speaking from the standpoint of an unmarried man—wise. He sighed portentously as he gazed over the carved rail, which ran the length of the gallery in which he alone lingered smoking, and looking down at the brilliantly lit ball-room thronged with its gay devotees. He was desperately in love, past all forgiveness. How well she danced, how she laughed and chattered, the embodiment of a healthful and refined joy! And her features; delicate, clear cut; softly merging beauty with beauty. She would make an ideal wife. Yes, GEORGE was in love, and just the least bit selfish. But is it not written in the book of the lady novelist that all men are selfish? PEECHCROFT paused as he half uttered the word "ideal." After all, was she ideal? Would she differ from other women? Would she not curtail his little pleasures, become extravagant with his money, develop a spirit of social competition and irk his spirit—as yet unfettered—with a thousand marital demands? He had plenty of money, hosts of friends, was popular, and the world practically at his disposal and none to say him nay. Why change? He might go farther than bachelorhood, and fare worse. Plenty of his acquaintances had done so. This was a passing fancy, a hot-house infatuation. He was under a spell. Her hair was excellently coiffured, her gown fitted and became her, her manners were fascinating, her attention so sincere. Pough! It was his good temper. The dinner had been excellent, the cigars and wines of the choicest. This was exuberance, not love. And yet, ENID FEATHERWAYTE—ah! was it not love that made all these things appear better than they really were? PACER's wines were, in the words of his own man, "distinctly off, Sir!" No, it was love. But his freedom

—if he married, he would lose it; she would prove like other women.

A mirthful laugh close by his ear cut short his speculation. GEORGE blushed furiously, and tried to appear at ease before the beautiful young girl, who smiled with apparent enjoyment at his discomfiture.

"Come, Mr. PEECHCROFT," said she, holding up a slim gloved finger, and declining her head coquettishly to one side. "You were thinking of me."

GEORGE laughed boisterously. "I want

wants. I should study his nature, make myself acquainted with his peculiarities, minister to his complaints, and thoroughly familiarize myself with his temperament."

"My dear Miss FEATHERWAYTE," began GEORGE, in a pean of delight. But she went on:

"I should not grumble at being left alone, night after night, while he was enjoying himself at his clubs. Occasionally—perhaps, once a year—I should expect to be taken to the theatre or the opera."

"Of course—"

"I should never talk about servants, and I should be careful not to bother my husband with distressing particulars of the several misfortunes attaching to the families of my indigent relations. I should always appear dressed in the height of fashion, and be careful that not a speck of dust found a resting place in our joint home."

"Excellent—"

"I should learn to suffer in silence, and never refer to my own indispositions or complaints. But rather bend my mind towards my husband's trifling inconveniences, and generally surround him with an atmosphere of cheerful contentment and loving peace."

"My dear ENID, I cannot refrain from expressing my delight to hear you utter such sentiments. You would make an ideal wife."

"Oh, nonsense!" and a beautiful blush rose to her cheeks.

"But you would, ENID; will you marry me?" And he bent closer to catch the softly whispered reply.

"Yes."

"My dearest!" cried GEORGE PEECHCROFT, in a lover's delirious transport. "You are mine, mine!"

He was about to fold her in his strong embrace when he gave a sharp cry of pain. With a start he struck his head against the balustrade, and woke up. A lonely and disappointed feeling pervaded him. It was all a dream.

JUBILEE OF OWENS COLLEGE.—When the debt of £22,000 is extinguished, will it still be called "Owens College?" or will another word be inserted, so as to make it "Owens and Payins College"?

AN ESSENTIALLY QUIET AND MODEST NOBLEMAN.—Who is? Lord MILTON. Why, certainly, as he is always a **DE MURE** person.



A NOCTURNE IN THE TREE-DWELLING COUNTRY.

Late-returning Individual in Fore-ground. "WELL, I'M HANGED IF I CAN REMEMBER WHICH IS MY HOTEL!"

your advice, Miss FEATHERWAYTE. Is a man in my position justified in remaining single?"

"It depends," said ENID, cautiously.

"Statistics," murmured GEORGE, "show the average married woman in a far from satisfactory light."

"I am afraid," said the girl, thoughtfully, "she gives more thought to her servants, dresses, furniture, carriages, jewels—than to the giver of all these—her husband."

"Of course, that is wrong."

"Unmistakably. But, of course, I can only say what I should do," continued ENID, timidly. "My first thought would be of my husband, of his comforts and